



THE WOUNDED Farmer's Son.

THE farmer's son so sweet, attending of his
sheep,
Whilst careful fast asleep, whilst his lambs did play,
A brisk young lady gay she saw his lambs at play,
And a young man sleeping lay, whom she lov'd
dear,

She kiss'd his lips so sweet, as he lay fast asleep.
Saying, my heart will break for you my dear,
Arise young man, I pray, to tend your lambs,
I'll stay now with you my dear.

He awoke in great surprise, to behold such lovely
eyes,
Like an angel bright she did appear,
You brisk young lady gay, from home you've left
your way,
Just like my lamb, you stray from your parents dear.

For your sweet sake alone I wander from my home,
My friends are dead and gone, I am left alone,
My riches, house, and land, servants they kept in
hand
Shall be at your command, my sweet farmer's son.

You brisk young lady gay how can you fancy me?
A poor young boy you see, none but a farmer's son,
A farmer's son so sweet, I am afraid you will break
my heart,
So love is in hand, my sweet farmer's son.

My riches, life, and land, servants with cap in
hand,
Shall be at your command, my sweet farmer's son,
His flocks are laid and now made her his bride,
Marry'd now she was to her farmer's son.

